Evening World Daily Magazine

About Plays and Players By BIDE DUDLEY

ADGE," a new play by Mrs. Justine Lewis, was accepted in jig time yesterday by Lee Shubert and John Craig for production by the Craig-Young organization, now appearing in Boston in "He Said and She Believed Him." At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Mr. Craig submitted the play to Mr. Shubert and at \$.15 the latter had read it and Mrs. Lewis was leaving the Shubert offices with a substantial advance royalty check. There is but one female role in the play. The parts for males number seven.

HE PLEADS FOR SUPPORT. Business has been so bad for regular \$2 attractions in St. Paul, Minn., lately that L. N. Scott, manager of the Metropolitan Theatre, the city's only house playing first-class shows, has had printed in the St. Paul newspapers a card stating that, unless the public gives his house better support, he will open it next season with a cheaper form of amusement. "Fair and Warmer" at the Metropolitan last week played to the smallest receipts it has struck in some time.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION. Said Silas McGuggin, in Peeweeple's store: "Food prices are higher than ever before. If I was in charge of this country you'd see the fails failing up, now just take it from me! The man who boosts prices commits a real crime and ev'ry blamed one a read crime and ev'ry blamed one of 'em ought to do time. If I had my way in this country I swear I'd see that you all got a deal that was square." "Say, Silas," said Grandpa McGee with a grin, 'how much will you take for that wheat in your bin?' Said Silas: "Why sell it? I'll keep it till May. "Twill double in price, so the wheat experts say." "That's just what I thought." said old Grandpa McGee. "That you're a reformer is easy to see." Sald Silas: "Please out out your insults, you saide!" He left and Jed Peeweepie laughed till he cried.

STEVENS-ELLIS.

The engagement is announced of Josephine Stevens, daughter of the late Ben Stevens and "Fatty" Arbuckle's leading woman in films, and Edward Eliis, who is getting ready to play Blackle Daw in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford." The wedding will be celebrated when an Arbuckle film called "The Butcher Boy" is finished.

ACCORDING TO B. BROWN.

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The bare are the animite that Mister Kindling, the Inglish Spring poet, says walked like a human man. He has claws on the ends of his hands an' dux moar growlin' than Pop dus about mi fsister's singin'. Thar is three kynds of bares—bigg bares, little bares an' Russian bares. Alsoe bare back ryders in showes. The bare are a dangirous animile. If you see a loose won comin' at you doan't fale to runn fer you may nevir git anitier chanct. The bare has hare all ovir himself an' nevir combs it. It's a gud thing mi mother doan't own no bare, far she wud go craile tryin' to sit for she wud go crazie tryin' to sit him to comb his hare.—Bol. Brown.

NUTT SPRINGS A JOKE.

A man stopped Jeff Nutt, the com-sitian, on Broadway last night and sked him, concerning the where-abouts of a mutual friend named Lyon.
"He's working on a newspaper," re-

plied Jeff. "What's he doing?" "Lyon is a cub reporter."
The other man was so pleased with the joke that Jeff succeeded in borrowing \$5 from him.

Charles Lester Giett is to gult musical comedy for good and will bere-after be found doing what he calls his

To day I used to write a closs."

To day I used to write a closs.

A little Easter somete. But the both and the close and the cl

Successful Salesmanship By H. J. Barrett

Captivating Dealers' Clerks.

"'S'MATTER, POP?"

A Teething Baby Is No Respecter of Persons!



OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

George Never Would Make a Good Fireman!

By Clifton Meek





















HENRY HASENPFEFFER

As a Matter of Fact Few People Carry Their OWN!

By Bud Counihan





YEZZA! IT'S EASY TO SEE THAT





By Vie

THAT WAS EASY. I SHOULD

NOW I WISH I HAD ASKED FOR MORE

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HAVE ASKED FOR IT LONG AGO!



House April 25. The play will be "Little Lady in Blue."

Margaret Wycherly, who has the leading role in "The Thirteenth Chair," will be the guest of honor at a meeting of the Theatre Assembly at the Hotel Astor, Friday the Thirteenth

"Cheating Cheaters" will leave the Eltinge April 14. A film cailed "Birth" will succeed it there.

Jack Rosenthal has a dog actor hamed Snide. He is trying to sign time up to play the bark on "The Willow Tree."

Jane Evans, who used to be in Billie Burke's companies, has returned from England, where she spent a year.

The new edition of "The Follies" will open on Decoration Day. F. Ziegfeld fr. has engaged Allyn King for a part.

The might set up, you know.

Never hit a man when he's down He might get up, you know.

FOOLISHMENT.

YES, EVEN AS YOU AND I!

THERE'S NO USE TALKING! WE CAN'T

SALARY THE WAY FOOD PRICES ARE

RUN OUR HOUSE ON MY PRESENT

GOING UP! I'VE GOTTA GET A

TEN DOLLAR RAISE

I KNOW I OUGHT TO BE SHOT FOR THIS, BUT YOU KNOW HOW MUCH FOOD COSTS THESE DAYS

AND BESIDES I'VE BEEN





Captivating Dealers' Clerks.

16 To be solid with a customer is good," said a particularly successful salesman recently. "But, if your customer is a dealer, to be solid with his clerks is even better. For in a store of any size it is the clerks who are in direct contact with the public: it is the clerks who can guide the huying impulse of the uncertain purchaser. And, very often, it is a clerk who selects the articles for and trims the windows. Then, too, as a business grows, the proprietor is likely to delegate a good deal of his buying to some one of his clerks.

"I make it a rule to become well acquainted with my customers' plerks. And I see that they're thoroughly posted on the talking Particularly work of the advertising department.

Rumetoad's Worm Curin.

"Den't overlook the clerks; that's partment, "Don't overlook the clerks; that's

The Office Force By Bide Dudley

**Counter the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

**ELL." said Bobbie, the office "Now, don't get fresh! You may boy, as he hung up his tell me if it's not insulting." "Because you're Primm—titive."

boy, as he hung up his coat, "I'm going fishing next week. Guess I'll have to get a supply of lines and U boats."

"Whatlye mean, you'll have to get some U boats?" asked Popple, the shipping clerk.

"Sinkers!"

Miss Primm, private secretary to the boss, swung around in her chair.

"Pay no attention to him, Mr. Popple," she said. "A U-boat, as we all know, is a craft that shoots torpedoes at the enemy vessels through a periscope,"

Sow, don't get fresh! You may sow, don't get inself to may have a fit's not insuiting."

"Because you're Primm—tive."

"Another abominable pun! Here comes Mr. Snooks, I shall report it to him."

The boss entered. "Mr. Snooks," said Miss Primm, "Bobble has compared me to the first steamboat, just for the aske of a vile pun. He said I was Primm—itive."

The boss unred to the boy. "Listen, kid," he said, "why don't you get those things right? When I told you that one I said the first steam engine."

Miss Primm exhibited confusion. "Oh—er— did you invent that joke, Mr. Snooks?" she asked.

"Sure! Like it?"

does at the enemy vessels through a periscope."

"Where does the periscope get its name?" asked Popple.

"I think," said Miss Primm, "it was named after Admiral Perry, who in-varied it."

Mr. Shooks?" she asked.
"Sure! Like it?"
"Oh, Mr. Shooks, it's perfectly fine," said the private secretary. "Til tell it to my father. I know be'll laugh."
When the boss had gone Bobbie giggled.
"Gosh!" he said. "It makes a dif-

"Naw, naw!" came from Bobbie.
"The torpedo comes out of a tube."
"Do you mean a subway?" asked
Miss Tillie, the blend stenographer,
"Gosh!" he said, "It makes a difference who spills the beans around here, eh wot?"
"Keep still, you little idiot!"
"Anapped Miss Primm.
Miss Tillie went over and gave
Bobbie a big, red apple. innocently.

"Oh, for goodness anke!" snickered Miss Primm. "You don't think the oceans have subways like the one un-

oceans have subways like the one under New York, do you? Why don't you read up on things?"

"Miss Tillie is confused," said Spooner, the mild little bookkeeper, "because the subways are called tubes. I'll explain to her. A tube, Miss Tillie, is a round thing that is very hard."

"Like your head," suggested Bobbie, addressing the blond.

"Just a minute, there, kid," snapped Miss Tillie. "My head isn't hard; it's very soft."

"So I've noticed," said Miss Primm, grinning. Here she turned to Bobbie. "By the way, I know what I'm saying when I talk about the periscope. My mother was a great friend of a cousin of the Admiral's wife."

"Hobbie doesn't seem able to grasp the scope of the discussion," said Poppie.

"I grasp the periscope," came from the how. "Now as I was saying"

I grasp the periscope," came from the boy. "Now, as I was saying"
"Bobble!" snapped Miss Primm.
"You must cut out your terrible puns.
If you don't I shall report you to Mr. If you don't I man and the Snooks."

"Guess I'll have to, then." said the boy. "But listen—why are you like the first steamboat?"



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